Essex District Probate Court. Essex as a said Court will be held at article to the second Tuesday of October and out Court and the second Tuesday of No-suber and May. West i four off the second codes of becoming and line. Lunenburg amount Tuesday of January and July, social sessions with the held at any place in the agreement. ROBERT CHASE, Indge.

W. H. BISHOP, Notary Public with Seal

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IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS COUNT

Little drops of water, Like grains of sand. Make the mighty ocean, And the pleasant land,

and so it is with the little pen he'll be ashamed to back down."-Washnies they grow into dollars, ai d ington Star. almost before you are aware of it, you may have a little forture of your own.

Men like Mr. Andrew Carneg.: are showing examples of what such disagreeable things,-Philadelphia may be accomplished by minding Record. the pennies.

W. S. BOYNTON, Treas.

WEDDING CARDS printed or never did look well in black."—Chicago never did look well in black."—Chicago News. engraved. The HERALD News.

JOKES BY COLLEGE MEN.

Some of Them Are Handed Down From Generation to Generation. There are some college jeux d'esprit which time and the absence of their own sustaining atmosphere have not wholly desiccated, says William Mathews in the Saturday Evening Post-as, for example, the reply of a senior, whose class was studying mental philosophy, when asked, "Does an effect ever go before a cause?" "Yes, sir; sometimes." "Give an example." "A man wheeling a barrow." That student would certainly have distinguished himseif at special pleading if he had become a lawyer who, when asked by his professor one Monday morning if he had attended church the day before replied, "Yes, sir; I attended the First church," and to the question, "Are you not aware, sir, that there was no service at the First church yesterday?" replied, "I meant, professor, the first church I came to."

We doubt if Tom Hood or Horace Smith, quick witted as they were, could have made a happier reply than that made by a wit in Waterville college (now Colby) of the class of '45 to Professor Martin B. Anderson, afterward the famed president of Rochester university. One morning he read in the classroom a sparkling essay, and the professor, knowing or suspecting it to print, asked as the reader sat down. "Is that essay original, Mr. Jones?" "Why, yes, sir," said Jones with imperturbable coolness and that pasteboard newspaper I took it from."

It was a Brown university student who had the front to ask Professor of drink, burning the brain, hardening Caswell whether his name would not be its delicate convolutions—these are the as well without the C.

just addressed to her two lines of poetry. I wrote:

drier. It was a Harvard student who many years ago had the courage at the sud den apparition of Professor P. at a bonfire which the youth with other students had kindled in the college yard to stand and confront him when, as in the case of Casabianca on the burning deck, "all but him had fled." "I am surprised, Thomson, to find you in such company!" exclaimed the professor. "I see nobody here but you and me, professor," was the reply.

Why is it, asks an exchange, that a woman can struggle until she is red in a whole clove in each cup just before the face and worn out both in temper and body by a window in a railroad is to walk up and go over exactly the if taken into the cold it falls. same line of action that she has already exhausted, and down comes the refractory window in a jiffy? It is a most humiliating fact, but a very true one, nevertheless, that not five women out of a dozen ever succeed in arranging a window to their satisfaction. They pull and tug until they are embarrassed and finally in a pleading manner look around at some slip of a man, who without any nonsense brings about the desired effect, while the woman looks on in silent wonder at his marvelous skill and dexterity.

The Lord's Intermediary.

Along with the snug little fortune that Deacon Jones had accumulated as the leading grocer of Gooseville Cove, his bump of self esteem, which was originally fairly large, had increased proportionately, until, as the richest man in the Cove, he felt himself entitled to considerable deference-its patron saint, in fact. When one day good old Parson Abbeck went to him for a subscription to home missions-which he got-he remarked, "Deacon, I cannot help noticing that your fellow citizens seem to hold you in high esteem." "Waal, yis," replied the deacon complacently, "guess that's 'bout so. The Covers do look up to me, parson, that's a fact; and I—well, I look up to God!"— New York Times.

A Remarkable Banquet Party. One of the most notorious Hungarian duelists fought his thirty-fifth duel in 1886 and celebrated the event by a banquet, to which only those who could prove that they had participated in at least six duels were invited. There was a room full of such warriors, some with faces seamed with scars, others minus an ear, an eye or with two or three fingers missing. The most marked of all was a Frenchman who had lost his nose in an encounter with Count Andrassy, the statesman. There was only one relaxation of the rule, and that was made in favor of a lady who had killed her man.

"Nebber ax a man to lend you 25 cents," said Uncle Eben. "Ax 'im foh \$5 jes' to make 'im think dat you regyards 'im as a capitalist, an' mebbe

The Results Unpleasant. Wigg-I always like to hear a man

say what he thinks. Wagg-But the people who always say what they think generally think

Pleased at It. "The fools are not all dead yet," said the angry husband. "I'm glad of it, dear," calmly replied the other half of the combination. "I

CHARM OF THE ORANGE.

Evolution of the Universal Fruit of Commerce. For centuries the orange was the exclusive possession of the Latin, Mongolian and Malay races. Then it was carried to India, then to America and fell under the improving touch of the Anglo-Saxon Bringing together the incomparable Jaffa, as a seedling, from Palestine, the Melitensis from Malta and others, he budded and grafted in Florida until the fruit was brought, through blending and selection, to the

But, strangely enough, there came out of the province of Bolivia, Brazil, still another seedling-one of those consummate blossoms of perfection through centuries of waiting on nature by the Latin which the American accomplishes by cross pollination in five years-the Bahia or navel orange. It had reached the acme of quality not only in flavor, but in its attribute of

highest pitch of perfection, as it seem-

seedlessness. Now, is not that a proper food for the ultimate man-a fruit which has no progeny, no future, no possible function except as a minister to him? The orange has been called the universal fruit of commerce, and so it is, for its aroma carries it unharmed, the acrid juices of its peel protect it against inhave been cribbed from some public sects, its toughness endures long transportation, and everywhere on earth men eagerly seek its subtle charm and its exquisite nectar.

The orange is not strictly a food, but look which he always wore, "I suppose It is greater. It is the connecting link it is. It had 'original' over it in the to a higher status, the guarantee and preserver of health and of intellect. The gross gormandizing on meats, the curse fountains of ills innumerable, the pangs It was a Brown graduate who at the of gout, the sudden and black terror of age of sixty led to the hymencal altar a apoplexy. But this gentle and benign bride of twenty-five and who, being pharmacopoela of nature, these fruits asked by a college classmate how he with their wonderful blending of corcontrived at his frosty time of life to rective acids and cordials, are the ready win the affections of so young a woman. medicament of the ultimate man. As replied: "Oh, it was easy enough. I we advance in horticulture and develop other seedless and perfect fruits we shall approach the perfect regimen of a "If love is a flame that is kindled by fire, higher humanity. — Florida Times-Un-Then an old stick is best because 'tis ion.

THE COOKBOOK.

Dip sliced onlons in milk before fry-

Use bacon fat for frying chicken, game, oysters and clams. A ham is greatly improved if, after being boiled, it is wrapped in buttered

paper and baked for an hour.

In making sauces always dissolve the butter in the saucepan, add the flour first and after that the water or stock. A mingling of clove and lemon flavors in the afternoon tea is delightful. Drop

In taking a pie with a meringue from train in her vain endeavors to close or the oven, if it is left in the warm kitchopen it when all that a man has to do en the meringue will remain fluffy, but

If turnips are parboiled twenty minutes in water to which a little baking soda has been added and then this water is thrown off and fresh water used to finish cooking, they will cook more tender and be of much better flavor.

The Bite of the Sea Lion.

The bite of the sea lion is polsonous; besides, it is an ugly wound from the manner in which it is inflicted. Although the creature moves painfully and slowly on land, the motion of its head and neck is extremely quick. The neck seems to have an almost elastic quality. One is surprised at its reach. The sea lion is like a bulldog. When he has caught hold, he does not let go at once, but sets his teeth firmly in the flesh. Then he twists his head, the teeth being still embedded in the flesh, and, without relinquishing his grip, he gives a quick jerk. The result is to pull out a ragged piece of flesh if the animal has taken a deep hold.-Leslie's

Marbles Support a State. It is said that the making of marbles, so dear to the heart of the small boy, is the main support of the poor in the state of Thuringia, Germany. They gather small square stones and grind them in machines similar to coffee mills until they are rounded. "Commies," agates and "bullseyes" are made in that way.

Glass alleys with the varicolored streaks in them are blown by the glass blowers of Lanscha. They take bits of white, red and blue glass and blow them together into a twist.

A Dangerous Toy. "My boy Sammy," said the neighbor, worries me almost to death with his

omnambulism." "You ought to take it away from him," said Mrs. Lapsling. "He'll kill himself with it some day."—Chicago

Developed a Negative. Rita-Why is Mr. Kodak so glum look-

Nita-He and Eleanor have just come out of the darkroom, where he had evidently developed a negative.-Princeton Tiger.

The Poor Rule. Kwoter-Well, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways, you know. Jiggins-I say it's a poor rule that would work any way. If it wasn't poor, t wouldn't have to work.-Philadelphia

Quick Inference. Judge-He has often declared that the lot of the poor is to be envied and that poverty is often a blessing. Fudge-What! Is he as rich as all hat?-Baltimore Heraid.

A hen in Bromley, England, is alleged to have laid an egg which weighs a quarter of a pound.

In Hindustan monkeys are made use ful, and they do police duty after a fashion and often really assist the po lice in quelling disturbances or sup pressing riots. Sometimes these four handed policemen act as protectors to the weak and belpless, as this incident will show:

At Agra on the platform of a public warehouse a little street arab had spread his rug in the shade of a stack of country produce and had just dropped asleep when one of the wealthy residents strolled up with a pet leopard that had learned to accompany him in all his rambles.

A troop of monkeys had taken pos on the opposite side of the shed, but at sight of the spotted intruder the whole gang charged along the platform and instantly forming a semicircle about

Ocean Cliffs Set on Fire by Waves It is not often that the waves of the ocean can set cliffs afire, but they do sometimes. At Ballybunnion, on the west coast of Ireland, the waves which for unnumbered centuries have been beating against the shores one day broke into a great deposit of iron pyrites and alum. A rapid oxidation took place which produced a fierce heat and set the whole cliff to burning. I or weeks the cluff burned like a volcano, and great clouds of smoke and vapor rose in the air. When the fire died out, great masses of lava and clay burned to brick were seen in every direction.

In the arctic regions there is another such burning cliff, which when last seen was on fire for twenty miles. The burning material was composed largely of lignite, but is believed to be made up of several other combustible chemical substances, which had been set on fire when the waves reached them.

Sugar and the Hygienists.

Sugar is doubtless a food. It is food of great energy. But we must not abuse it, says the Revue Scien tifique. Why? Because, according to M. G. Bunge, the physiologist, pure cane sugar is lacking in time and fron Now, lime and from are necessary to the organism. It is better to take the sugar in the form of legumes and fruits rich in hydrocarbons. And what is boney worth? Very little also. I has the same inconveniences-it also

is wanting in lime and Iron. It will be observed, however, that if we consider all the advantages which, according to the hygienists, attach to various foods, we shall find that it is almost impossible to get any nourishment at all if we want to adjust our diet to scientific teaching.

Literary Digest Dumas and His Porthos.

Dumas, like Balzac, was fond of his own creations. Among them all he loved Porthos best. The great, strong, vain hero was a child after his own heart. One afternoon, it is related, his son found Dumas careworn, wretched, overwhelmed. "What has happened to you? Are you ill?" asked Dumas "No," replied Dumas pere, "Well, what is it, then?" "I am miserable." "This morning I killed Por thos-poor Porthos! Oh, what trouble I have had to make up my mind to do it! But there must be an end to all things. Yet when I saw him sink beneath the ruins, crying, 'It is too heavy, too heavy for me!' I swear to you that I cried." And he wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his dressing gown.

Suspicious. "Did Benny ask you for my hand last night, papa?"

"Yes, my daughter." "And what did you think of the young man?" "I don't like suspicious men, my

dear. I like a man who looks you in the eye.' "Well, didn't Benny look you in the eye, father?" "No; all the time be was asking for

your hand in marriage he had his eyes

on my feet."-Yonkers Statesman. Good Enough For a Beast. A droll little story is told of Mr. W. 8. Gilbert. He put up his horse one day at a small country inn, on the signboard of which was painted conspicuously the notice, "Entertainment For Man and Beast." When his lunch was brought, he looked dissatisfied and surprised the waiter by saying,

is the entertainment for the man?"-London Tit-Bits. Something Harder. Auntle (finding Jackie sobbing in a corner)-Why, Jackle, what has happened to make you feel so bad this

"This is all very well so far, but where

morning? Jackie--M-ma m-issed some jelly. Auntie-Ho, ho! I see. And her suspicions fell on you, eh? Jackte-No, auntie; it was her slip per.-Boston Courier.

Too Valuable to Lose. "Reginald," she said to a wealthy young dandy who had been paying his attentions to her, "I would like to ask you one very serious question."

"What is it, my dear?" he replied. "Would you object to marrying mamma if I refused you? You see, we real ly don't want to lose you." Tommy's Trade.

Mother (who had been out for the

day)-Tommy, did you take that medicine that I told you to when I was away? Tommy-No, ma. Willie Jones came in, and he liked it so I exchanged it with him for a sour apple.-Punch.

Instead of being put to ordinary jail tasks long sentence prisoners at Hobart. Tasmania, are employed in the local botanical gardens.

DE WET'S WAR STORY.

Extracts From Boer Leader's Book on the Transvaal Struggle. Perhaps the most significant state ment in General Christian Rudolf De Wet's "Three Years' War," the title given by the author to his book on the Boer war, published recently by Charles Scribner's Sons, is the declaration that from the very outset of the war and all through the hard fought struggle the Boers knew they were fighting in vain, says the New York Mail and Express. They knew their cause was lost, but fought as God fearing patriots until every resource

was exhausted. He describes Cronje as an "intrepid hero," but declares he was too obstinate to abandon his position when trapped in the langer near Paardeburg the little sleeper, faced the leopard with by Lord Roberts. His capture is charbristling manes, evidently resolved to acterized as the catastrophe of the war, defeat the suspected purpose of his in that its disheartening effect on the burghers was felt throughout the war.

Kruger is referred to as "the statesman grown gray in his country's serv ice," and Gladstone as the "greatest and noblest of English statesmen." General De Wet calls upon God to witness that independence was all that was asked of the British government on March 5, 1900, and Lord Salisbury is accused of misrepresenting the facts. General De Wet complains bitterly of British breach of faith, but declares that the result was not all favorable to the "invaders." He cites the promises given General Prinsloo and his men when they surrendered, safety of property and permission to return unmo lested to their farms being guaranteed. Instead of this the prisoners were deported to Ceylon, and old people were levied on for hundreds of pounds because British railroad property was destroyed in their neighborhood.

As a result of this, he says, 3,000 paroled Boers took up arms again and fought to the end of the war. He describes Lord Roberts as his (De Wet's) best recruiting sergeant because of his frequent breaches of faith. General De Wet's state of mind

throughout the war and after it is expressed by a sentence in the book: "Everything is as it must be, and un less one is a singgard one has no reason to complain."

BOWEN'S PLUCKY STAND. How Our Minister to Venezuela De-

Herbert Wolcott Bowen, American minister to Venezuela, has been qualified by twelve years in the diplomatic service of the nation and experience in trying circumstances for any contingencies which may arise at Caracas. He went to his post there in the sumer of 1901, succ mis, who went to Portugal, but whose policy was carried out by his successor. Minister Bowen went to Venezuela from Persta, where he had been minister for two years, having been appointed in 1800 to succeed his brother-inlaw. Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the nov

elist, who went to Athens as minister. But it was in Spain, before the outbreak of hostilities between that country and the United States, that Minister Bowen gained the especial experience which will stand him in good stead in the Venezuela imbrogilo. He first wen to that country in 1890, being appointed consul at Barcelona by President Har rison, In 1895 President Cleveland made him consul general. Barcelona was the scene of manifestations of hostility toward the United States in March, 1896. The feeling was aroused by the passage by the senate of the Morgan resolution which recognized the Cuban insurgents. A mob of several thousand persons gathered in front of the United States consulate in Barcelona and with shouts and execrations demanded the destruction of the building and the death of the occupants. Consul General Bowen appeared at the entrance and defied the mob, which dispersed in a short time without harming any one and doing little damage to

All to Be "Cannonized." Speaker Henderson was recalling a last session anecdote about an lowa constituent who wrote asking for copies of the Congressional Record containing obituaries and adding ingenuously that nothing pleased him more than to read 'obituaries of dead congressmen," says a Washington dispatch to the New York Tribune. "Your constituent ought to be in ecstasy next session," remarked Littlefield of Maine, "for the whole house is to be Cannonized."

New War Fund. It has just been discovered that there exists at Rapperswyl, Switzerland, a fund consisting of nearly \$50,000, which has been subscribed by Poles in various parts of the world for the purpose of waging war on Russia when a propitious time shall arrive.

Snow Ag'in th' Winder. When th' lights has blinked an' vanished An' yer now-l-lay-me's said, When they's silence all around ye, 'Ceptin' when some hurried tread Out of doors melts in th' distance An' th' wind mourns overhead, Then's th' coziest time that ever, Though it holds a hint of dread, When they's snow ag'in th' winder An' ye're snuggled down in bed.

Bare ole branches bend an' shiver, Bare ole branches bend an' shiver,
Whimperin' 'cause th' summer's dead.
What's that thumpin'? It's th' rattlin'
Of th' down sprout 'g'inst th' shed.
Mighty good t' know th' hosses
An' th' cattle's housed an' fed,
For th' wind's a-gittin' madder,
An' th' storm king's raisin' Ned
When they's snow ag'in th' winder
An' ye're snuggled down in bed.

Sandman comes an' finds ye wonderin'
If, when gloomy night has fied,
They'll be still enough snow stickin'
Fer t' let ye use yer sied,
Or if folks must go a-spatterin'
Through th' sloppy slush instead,
Then ye go t' sleep recallin'
All th' blizzard tales ye've read—
When they's snow ag'in th' winder. When they's snow ag'in th' winder
An' ye're snuggied down in bed.

—Baltimore American

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